

Sore in More Than One Way

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by [icycas](#)

Summary

Dream walked into the living room with the two plates, “oh, stop being such a big baby. What do you even want me to do about it?” George winced as he grabbed the plate. “You could give me a massage,” the older boy said with his best puppy dog eyes.

Request: Dream massages George

Notes

DISCLAIMER: Please don't read this if you're uncomfortable with this pairing being written about explicitly. This story is entirely fiction, but these are real people. Please don't harass anyone in this fic about pairings or their sexuality – I recognize that Dream and George are both straight; this is just self indulgence. If either of them ever state that this type of content makes them uncomfortable, I will delete my work.

“This is bullshit,” George groaned as he rubbed his back.

“What’s wrong?” Dream asked from the kitchen while making them both lunch.

"I pulled my back yesterday. I swear to god, I'm never trying to exercise with you again."

Dream laughed, "I told you that you should have stretched. Also, we only did like 12 burpees before you gave up."

"This is your fault you know. I had no problems being unhealthy and sitting in front of a screen all day until you started nagging me about it," George said as he moved to rub his pulled neck.

Dream walked into the living room with the two plates, "oh, stop being such a big baby. What do you even want me to do about it?"

George winced as he grabbed the plate. "You could give me a massage," the older boy said with his best puppy dog eyes.

"Hell no, dude. It'll go away in a few days, just wait it out," Dream said before taking a bite of the sandwich.

George groaned dramatically before collapsing on the couch, "UGHHHH I'M GONNA DIEEEEE, I'M IN SO MUCH PAIIINNNNN." George writhed on the couch, kicking Dream at the end of the couch.

"Holy shit, okay, okay, I'll massage you, just stop getting your dirty feet all over me," the blonde haired boy said as he rolled his eyes and put down the sandwich.

George beamed at his victory and turned over to lay face down on the couch. Dream sighed as he climbed over the smaller boy to press on the center of his back. George practically melted at how good the massage felt against his sore muscles.

As Dream dug harder into the knots in George's back, George groaned from the mix of pain and satisfaction. "Gnnnnhh"

Dream continued the skilled movements as he traveled down George's back, using his thumbs to rub circles from his spine.

"Mmmh, feels good," George moaned lazily into the cushion. Dream blushed at the reaction, but continued the movements.

"Ahhhhnn, right there! That's the spot," George whined as Dream pressed into the small of his back with his thumbs. George's noises were strangely sexual, making Dream grow flustered. The taller boy thanked the higher powers that George could not see him right now.

"Harder Dream! Right there mmmhfff!" Dream felt his pants grow tight from George's cries. He couldn't help it; it was George's fault for moaning in a voice dripping with sex.

Not wanting to draw attention to himself, Dream continued to massage the British boy. As George began to moan in tandem with the movement of Dream's hand, Dream's breathing started to grow heavy with lust as his cock was begging for him to touch it. While George was distracted by the gyrations along his back, Dream began to carefully grind his hard cock along the brunette's ass. With the up and down action of Dream's hand on George's back, the motion of Dream's cock sliding along George's ass was masked and seemed natural.

"Ohhh, a little to the right," George groaned as he arched his back to try and get Dream to dig in deeper. What George didn't realize was that he had just pushed his ass against Dream's now leaking dick, causing Dream to moan on accident.

“What are yo-“ when George went to turn around to look at why Dream had moaned, he immediately saw the hard-on that the blonde boy was sporting.

“Oh...” George said stunned.

“I uhhh,” Dream started, but trailed off as he felt his face heat up with sheer embarrassment. “I’ll go take care of this,” he said before quickly fleeing to the bathroom. Dream wished he could die in that moment. He buried his head in his hands and groaned, red-faced and humiliated. When he heard knocking on the door, he only buried his head further in his hands, trying to hide.

“Dream, open the door,” George said as he knocked again. Dream didn’t respond. “I know you’re in there! Open the door!” Still no response. “For goddsake Dream, I don’t care about your boner just open the damn door!” Dream cautiously unlocked the door as he shyly looked down, too embarrassed to make eye contact. George stepped into the bathroom, closing the door behind him blushing. Dream looked up confused.

“It’s only right that I uh.. return the favor,” George said as he knelt down in front of Dream. The taller boy nearly bursted a vein at how red his face was.

“W-wait, George, you don’t need to-“ George cut him off by pulling down his pants. Dream yelped as his hard cock sprung free and was met with George’s warm breath against it. George blinked up at Dream devilishly through his lashes, licking a long stripe from the base to the tip. Dream instinctively rested his hands on George’s head, trying to guide him to take his length in, but George just continued to give kittenish licks to tease the boy above him. As the older boy brought his hand to the base to grip Dream’s cock, the British boy began lightly kissing along his dick. Dream’s grasp on George’s hair tightened, signally for him to stop teasing. George finally complied as he guided the thick cock to his mouth, giving it a few heavy slaps along his tongue before taking in the tip. The salty and bitter taste of precum flooded George’s system due to Dream’s desperate leaking cock.

“George, ahhhh,” Dream moaned as George was using his tongue to swirl around the tip. Dream couldn’t take his eyes off the sight under him. As the shorter boy took in more of Dream’s dick, he started to palm himself through his own shorts and moaned at the friction. The vibrations against his cock caused Dream to tighten the grip on George’s hair. George, loving the feeling of the dull pain from the pull on his scalp, began to take more of Dream’s cock in. While inserting more of Dream’s member, George ran his tongue under and traced the veins along it. Dream was mesmerized by the sight of George’s lips wrapped beautifully around his thick cock, bobbing up and down to take in more of his length.

Dream threw his head back and pushed George’s head down further until his face was flush against Dream’s stomach. George gagged at the sudden intrusion down his throat and pulled back, tears forming from his gag reflex.

“Oh shit sorry, I didn’t mean to-“ Dream started as he watched the brunette cough. George quickly recovered and started to lowly lick at Dream’s cock teasingly. He didn’t mind the roughness, and actually enjoyed it. George just wished he was prepared so that he could actually enjoy the feeling of Dream’s dick hitting the back of his throat.

George grabbed Dream’s hand and guided it to his head again. “Do it again.”

Dream flushed a deep crimson as he slowly pushed George back down on his length. Using his hair to move the boy, Dream started to set a slow pace. Each time Dream pushed George all the way down, he could feel the boy’s throat tighten around his cock. The feeling drove Dream crazy, and he quickly lost control. The taller boy began to thrust into the tight heat faster, and just as he got

close, he shoved George as far as he could go. Dream doubled over, holding George down as he came down his throat.

As Dream held down the older boy, George tried to swallow as much of the cum as he could, but there was too much. The feeling of Dream using his mouth caused George to suddenly spill as Dream's cum began to drip down his neck.

Finally, Dream pulled George off after all his cum was milked out. George gasped for air and coughed and Dream winced.

"You okay? Also do you need me to take care of umm," Dream motioned to George's crotch.

George laughed, "I'm fine, and don't worry about it. I *might* have cum when you were fucking my throat," the brunette blushed.

"You should ask me to massage you more often," Dream laughed.

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